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THE APOSTATE SAVED.

(A True Story.)

It was in the year 1832, that the Order of Redemptorists, lately established in Cornwall and Worcestershire, were called to the New World by the bishop of Cincinnati. This diocese was the first theatre of their zeal, where the usual extraordinary success attended the sons of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. They soon had three flourishing stations, the most remarkable of which, was d'Arbre Croche, where they received numerous converts from among the aborigines. But as, according to the rules of the Order, it was necessary to establish a central house, from which they could go on mission and return to repose themselves after their fatigues; they, in 1839, accepted an invitation to establish themselves at Pittsburgh, in the diocese of Philadelphia, and the following year they were called by the Archbishop of Baltimore to occupy a house and church, and undertake the spiritual care of the German Catholics there, amounting to 4,000 souls. The latest accounts speak of two towns founded by the celebrated and enterprising superior the Father Alexander Cvitkovicz, called Muriensstadt and Alexanderstadt. They are also established in Maryland, and have in the United States six houses and upwards of thirty Fathers.

At a mission given by them at P—, the following extraordinary adventure occurred to Father L. It wanted but one hour of midnight, when the Father, exhausted by the heat and fatigue of the confessional, found himself obliged to breathe for a moment the fresh air—he made his way through the crowd, who were anxiously waiting their turn before the confessionals; for the mission, as of old, when Alphonsus with his first-born sons attacked the strongholds of Satan in Italy, had been successful in conquering multitudes of souls, and leading them in triumph to the feet of their crucified Redeemer. The father had nearly reached the door, when he was startled by the appearance of a man who leaned with folded arms against a pillar, and regarded the scene with a scowl of intense hatred. Father L. stopped, the man raised his eyes towards him,

and all the malignity of his expression seemed concentrated in the glare of detestation with which he regarded him. Knowing there could be nothing personal in this, but that it must proceed from the too common hatred with which that church is regarded, to whom her Master said, "Marvel not if the world hate you, for you know it hated me;" and full of compassion for the miserable state of that heart in which hatred can take up her abode, Father L. approached him, and said in tones of gentle kindness, "Can I be useful to you?" The man's look became furious, and cursing the father, he bid him go about his business. "No," said Father L., with an impulse he could not resist, and for which he could not account; "I will not leave you, I will follow you; you are not in a condition to be left alone." "At your peril follow me!" retorted the other, and dashed out of the church. The moon shone with that brilliancy peculiar to the western hemisphere; Father L. saw the man running in the distance, and, though worn out by previous fatigue, he started in pursuit—hearing the sound of the father's footsteps, he darted down one lane and up another, doubling like a hare pursued by the hounds; but all to no purpose—fiendish were the passions which impelled the fier, and heavenly was the passion which urged on the pursuer: love is stronger than hatred, and at length Father L. overtook the man.—"Why do you pursue me?" he growled, almost gasping for breath; "I tell you it is at your peril; what have you to do with me—beware, this folly may cost you your life." "I can be of use to you," calmly replied the father, "and I will not leave you." Uttering a tremendous oath, the man again set off at full speed, and at length reached the door of a house in an obscure corner of the city, thinking he had distanced his pursuer; but as he took out a key to let himself in, Father L. stood by his side. Mad with rage he drew out a pistol, pulled the trigger—it missed fire.—The calm and unmoved appearance of the priest seemed to strike him; but resuming his former demeanour, he said, "I go into this house, dare not to follow me; I have another pistol here," drawing one from his bosom, "they don't miss fire twice." He opened the door, Father

L. entered along with him! he found himself in a shabby looking parlour, beyond which was a door; and the man turning towards him said, "If you follow me into that room, you die?" The father hesitated, and the man entered, and locked the door—voices were heard in earnest conversation; the deep tones of the man seemed entreating, insisting, commanding; and the gentle voice of a woman rose in earnest supplication—suddenly a scream was heard, a heavy fall, and infant voices crying, "O Mamma! dearest mamma!" Without farther consideration, Father L. threw himself against the door and burst into the room, where he found a beautiful young woman fainting on the floor; two little children who had jumped out of their crib, had knelt weeping beside her; and the man stood contemplating the scene with an appearance of dogged ferocity. Without regarding him, Father L. raised the woman and laid her on a sofa, employing every method he could think of for her recovery, while he fondled and soothed the children who clung to his black robe, as if seeking protection from their unnatural parent. The woman at length opened her eyes, Father L. whispered words of comfort; the children kissed her, and clapped their tiny hands with joy to hear her speak once more. Suddenly the expression of the man's face altogether changed, large tears started from his eyes and rolled down his rugged cheeks; the Father observing this, left the woman, took his hand and led him gently into the next room: "My son," said Father L. "tell me the cause of all I have witnessed, for I can and will be of use to you." "Father," replied the now penitent sinner, "my difficulties are beyond your help, yet I will tell you all. Father, I was born a Catholic, but because our religion is generally despised and persecuted by protestants, I abandoned the true faith, thinking to advance my fortune more easily. At first the apostate was successful, but the curse of God was on me: I was threatened with heavy losses, and I married the daughter of a rich man, hoping by his assistance to weather the storm—but he refused to help me. I became bankrupt, and for four or five years have dragged on a weary existence, striving in vain to retrieve my loss. My father-in-law is rich, my wife his only child, driven to despair, I resolved, accompanied by my wife, to visit him this night, and if he continued to resist our entreaties for assistance, to shoot him dead on the spot. I left my house this evening, and having procured a brace of pistols, was returning home, when the lights and the crowd in your church attracted my attention, and I entered. It was the first time since my apostacy, that I had stood in the immediate presence of my God: the crime I had committed stared me in the face, but instead

of repentance, defiance and hatred filled my soul; and when you approached me, I felt as if possessed by devils. You know the rest—my wife horrified at my proposal, fainted when I produced the fire-arms. And now, my father, is there forgiveness for such as me?"—and falling on his knees he sobbed, "Father, I would go to confession!" His confession was heard, his contrition was sincere, and he received absolution; then, with a countenance radiant with peace and joy, he re-entered the room, where his wife still lay on the sofa. The miraculous change produced on her husband surprised her beyond measure; but when he told her all, she turned to Father L. and exclaimed, "I also will be a Catholic, the true religion only could work such wonders as this!" "You will be a Catholic, I trust," said the good father, "but not in this moment of excitement; wait until you have calmly considered the matter, and been taught by your reason as well as by your feelings, that there can be but One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church."

Next day Father L. interested several influential persons in favour of the man: his father-in-law was persuaded to advance him money, he soon recovered his losses, and the whole family are at the present moment among the most respectable Catholics of the town of P—.

Blessed St. Alphonsus, pray for us.

M. L.

AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun:

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core:

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep.

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while the hook

Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers:

And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;

Or by a cider press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. Whitelaw.

OUR LADY'S IMAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GUIDO GORRES.

"How sultry falls the noontide ray!—
 "Me, thirsty pangs torment!"
 Thus wail'd a wand'rer worn and grey,
 Beneath his burden spent.

He sighs and mourns, oppress'd by woe:

"These rocks how deaf are they!

"But in the dell the waters flow,

"And break themselves in spray.

"O! vanish'd is my youthful day,

"Its energy and glee;

"Old age has stolen my strengtli away,

"And sorrow left to me!

"How once the hills with song were glad

"When shone the morning beam!

"How painful now my path—and sad

"The silent valleys seem!"

He climbs the mountain's rugged breast,

And oft stands wearied still;

He quakes, the poor old man distress'd,

Whose powers gainsay his will.

His feet are sore, and sore his heart;

The way is steep and high;

To share his sorrow's bitter smart

No sympathy is nigh.

The bird that sings upon the tree,

Regards not hapless woe;

The rose, so beautiful to see,

Of care can nothing know.

Thick drops suffuse his forehead bare,

And fall upon his path—

His rugged path—that for his care

No sense of pity hath.

He looks around in wild despair,

His heart by anguish child'd,

Against the lot he's doom'd to bear

What spleen his bosom fill'd!

"O! that I never more might rise,

"Might fall asleep for aye;

"Curs'd be the hour when first these eyes

"Beheld the light of day!"

While thus repining passions grew,

And sharpen'd his despair,

A poor rude Image meets his view—

It beckons in the air.

The Virgin Mother and her Child;

They seem'd to make a sign;

The Image speaks so soft and mild—

"Yea, sorrow too was mine!"

"I also on the day of woe,

"In anguish toil'd th' ascent,

"While to my ears the hammer's blow

"From the dire cross was sent.

"And in my breast the loud groan died

"When I the cross held fast:

"Through me, the grief-distracted bride,

"The sword of sorrow pass'd.

"O! come to me, and solace know,

"My arms thy Saviour rest;

"O! gaze on Him, and then shall woe

"Not desolate thy breast.

"O! see my Infant smiles at thee;

"It beckons thee, so fair;

"Come near, old man, come near to me,

"And my blest burden share.

"And take it to thy fond embrace,

"And press it on thy heart;

"And whatsoe'er thy hapless case,

"My Child will balm impart.

"Then tarry not, stand not aside,

"Forget thy bitter spleen;

"O! seek thy God, in Him confide,

"So full of grace serene.

"Himself the cross He bore distress'd,

"He bears thy burden too;

"Come, be thy Saviour's welcome guest,

"His voice is kind and true.

"He calls thee to his glorious seat,

"On Thabor's mountain bright;

"Where joys eternal thee shall greet,

"And all thy pains requite.

"My Child doth wait impatiently;

"O! to His words give ear—

"I bear thy guilty load for thee;

"Delay not to draw near."

Thus spoke the Image to his soul:

Blest solace sooth'd his grief;

And tears which he could not control,

Express'd his heart's relief.

His heart expanded to his God,

His God inclos'd he there;

And then compos'd his path he trod

Disturb'd no more by care.

His soul was fill'd with heavenly light;

And when life ebb'd away,

He thought in tranquil calm delight

On the long-promis'd day.

He thought on endless bliss serene

In Thabor's tents sublime,

He thought on life's fast-fading scene,

The transient ills of time.

Munich, Sep. 20, 1844.

X. Y.

Note.—It is customary in Catholic countries to place Images of our blessed Lady and her Son in the most lonely recesses of the mountains and other secluded resorts.

Successful Trick.—At the Dunse hiring market on Monday last, there was a number of Irish reapers in attendance; and the farmers not being inclined to come up to the mark, some witty sons of the Emerald Isle fell upon the following stratagem:—A number of them called upon the town-crier, and after giving him the handsome fee of one shilling, requested him, by beat of drum, to proclaim the following intimation, viz. "Wanted, 300 men to work on the railroad, betwixt Berwick and Cockburnspath; wages, 18s. a week. Apply at the Ayton station." We need not add that it produced the desired effect, and reapers obtained from 13s. to 14s. a week.—*Scotsman.*

THE IRISH HOME MISSION EXPOSED.

[THE disclosures made at the public meeting of which we proceed to give a report, well deserve perusal. We all know that deputies from one Irish society or another, visit many times a year our chief towns, collecting money under pretence of educating thousands of children, or rescuing others from what they call Popery. How many times have these agents, secretaries, deputations, &c., been charged with establishing and maintaining these societies much more for the purpose of providing salaries for themselves than for doing good to others! and how often too have they been charged with practising shamefully on the prejudices and credulity of the English, and uttering the grossest calumnies against the Irish people! What other proofs of the iniquity of one of these societies can be required, than the simple statements made at this meeting by gentlemen residing in the district where the *Irish Home Mission* have professed to carry on successfully their labours?]

(Abridged from the *Glasgow Saturday Post*.)

On Wednesday evening last a public meeting of the inhabitants of Glasgow was held in the Trades' Hall, Glassford-street, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of "hearing a deputation of the Catholic clergy, from the diocese of Down and Connor, make some startling disclosures regarding the Home Mission and the Irish Schools under the patronage of the Presbyterian Synod of Ulster." The hall was filled to overflowing, and the addresses of the reverend gentlemen seemed to leave a powerful impression upon the audience.—On the motion of Dr. M'Donnell,

The Rev. Mr. Gordon was called to the chair,

The Chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting, as laid down in the advertisement, observing that it was not a meeting for controversy or dispute, but simply for the purpose of listening to the statements of two reverend gentlemen who, at a considerable sacrifice of time, labour, and expense, had come to Glasgow, to expose to the charitable and benevolent Protestant and Presbyterian inhabitants of this city, the system of fraud and deception under which they had been labouring for years. The Rev. gentleman, after counselling his audience to weigh well and scrupulously the facts that were to be laid before them, and to judge for themselves as to the nature of the statements which they might hear, introduced the deputation to the meeting, consisting of the Rev. Luke Walsh and the Rev. John Fitzsimons, with regard to whom he had received recommendations from very high authority, and in whose testimony the most implicit belief might be placed (cheers).

The Rev. Mr. Fitzsimons being first introduced by the chairman, came forward amidst loud and prolonged cheering. He said—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and gentlemen, it is certainly rather a novel circumstance in the history of the country, for two Catholic clergymen from the remote glens of Ireland to appear before a public assembly in this enlightened city, for the purpose of making an appeal to the common sense of Scotchmen, upon a subject too which is intimately connected with their religious prejudices; but before this meeting separates I hope that we shall be able to lay before you such evidence as will be sufficient to prove to you, that we are justified in the line of conduct which we have thought proper to adopt, and that if we did not make this appeal to you, we would be guilty

of a great dereliction of duty, not only as far as regards our own character and the character of the people with whom we are connected by the ties of friendship and of religion; but also inasmuch as regards Scotchmen themselves. Gentlemen, when we find ourselves personally assailed and held up by name to public abhorrence as persons of most immoral character, have we not a right to come forward to repel the calumny? When the people to whom we minister the comforts and consolations of religion are described as ignorant, irreligious, and unchristian, have we not a right to come forward and vindicate their name? And when we find the people of this country laid under an annual contribution for the purpose of supporting a band of the most unprincipled characters, and a system of fraud, falsehood, and imposition, are we not entitled to put the people of this country upon their guard (hear)? Such, then, are the circumstances in which we now appear before you: our characters have been assailed, our people calumniated, and the inhabitants of Scotland have been cheated out of their money, and we now come forward to ask if you are prepared to support such a system (no, and cheers)? I will now address myself closely to the facts of this case; and as your own poet expresses it, "facts are stubborn chiefs, and downa be disputed" (cheers). The Home Mission of the Presbyterian church of Ireland is the society to which I allude, and I here publicly arraign and accuse the agents and collectors of that society of annually imposing on the people of Scotland, by the most unfounded slanders and daring calumnies against the Catholic people and priesthood of Ireland, and all this for getting the money out of the pockets of the people of Scotland to support individuals who are living on the public credulity. In referring to the annual reports of the Home Missionary Society, I regret to find that their success in raising money in Scotland is most extraordinary, and worthy of a better cause. In 1842, upwards of 1600*l.* was raised in this country; in 1843, upwards of 1000*l.*; and during the last winter, though the printed report of the society has not yet appeared, I have reason to know that nearly 1000*l.* was collected in Scotland for this mission and Irish schools. In the different chapels of Glasgow collections have been made for this purpose, and the names of the principal citizens are to be seen in the society's reports as giving liberal donations; while there is also in the city a Lady's Auxiliary Society for the purpose of collecting money for the support of those supposed Irish schools in which the sacred Scriptures are supposed to be taught to the people in the Irish language, and by means of which it is believed the Irish people will be converted to Presbyterianism (cheering).—According to the annual reports of this society, there are no less than 600 schools in Ireland, attended by about 14,000 pupils. Now, if these schools were in existence, all is right, and we have no ground of complaint—nay, the zeal and liberality of the people of Scotland may be deserving of approbation. But if, in place of 600 Irish Presbyterian schools, there is not a *bona fide* school of the kind in all Ireland (cheering.) If that be the case, will it not at once be admitted, that a great fraud has been perpetrated upon the contributors and the people of Scotland (loud cheers.) Now, gentlemen, documentary evidence will this night be laid before you, to prove that there is no actual *bona fide* school of the kind in all Ireland. With regard especially to that district of the country called the Glens of Antrim, in which we are placed, and with which we are well acquainted, we are prepared to prove, that there is not a single school in existence, though the annual reports of this Home Mission state that, for the last four or six years, there were twenty-six schools, attended by six hundred scholars (laughter and cheers.) We are prepared to prove, so far as our own locality

is concerned, there are no schools there; and, besides, arguing from analogy, we will be justified in saying, that the same system of fraud is practised in all parts of the country, and, in fact, that there are no such schools in all Ireland (hear.) We at once admit that there are a number of unprincipled individuals who are receiving salaries, and making a return of schools and scholars that are altogether fictitious, and this is done with the knowledge and concurrence of the inspectors of the Home Mission Society (cheers.) In the summer of 1842 a number of these so-called teachers, stung by remorse of conscience at the imposition they were practising, came forward before me, and voluntarily signed a document to the following effect, and which afterwards appeared in one of the Belfast newspapers:—"We, the undersigned, who were receiving money from the Synod of Ulster, under the plea of teaching the Irish language, do hereby declare that we have not taught any for the last four years; neither has there been any school in this parish (which comprises that portion of the county Antrim denominated the Glens) during that period, nor, as a matter of course, has any school under us been inspected during that time by any officer belonging to the Synod; and we consider it no harm to take the money which the Synod gave us for doing nothing.—Patrick Macaulay, Patrick Loughran, Patrick Quin, John McKessick.—June 20, 1842." Here, then, is a complete exposure of the system that was carrying on, which you would naturally have supposed must have opened the eyes of the directors; but no, they are so blind that they cannot see it, and are as determined as ever to carry on the deception by all the means in their power; and I am here to say they have stooped to means absolutely disgraceful to enable them to carry on the fraud with success, and to impose successfully on the people of this country (shame.) Some present may perhaps be inclined to ask how it was that this deception could be carried on to such an extent without discovery? Now, I have an intimate knowledge of the entire working of the system—I have known it for years—and I can tell how the whole thing is done. A person who has the name of being a teacher, and another who is an inspector of schools, in a certain district, have both an interest in getting their salaries; but you perceive they cannot get the money unless they return their school and a certain number of scholars. Well, the master sits down and writes a certain number of fictitious names of persons who had never an existence, and perhaps never will, and when his imagination fails him he sets down some of his neighbours as attending the school. Then the inspector comes round, and sets it down as a school seen and inspected by him; and thus the two gentlemen get their salaries, and it goes forth to the world as an establishment in which the people are taught to read the sacred Scriptures in the Irish language, and in which benighted Papists are to be converted to the Presbyterian religion (cries of hear, hear, cheers, and laughter). That is the mode in which the business is carried on throughout the length and breadth of the land. And now, for your information, I will read to you a real Irish school, such as it is in Ireland, and to support which the people of Scotland put their hands into their pockets most liberally. I believe none but Irishmen could be capable of carrying on such a system of downright imposition (laughter). Here the rev. gentleman read an inspection list of the Drimnasole Irish school, professed to be kept by one Patrick Quin, in which the name, residence, age, and progress of the pupils were all given in regular order. For example, the first name is John O'Neil of Lahard, though there is no such place in the whole country (much laughter)—and John is put down as "translating." Then, among others, there are four names, Lucy Rickard, Matthew Rickard, Luke

Rickard, and Ann Rickard, put down as attending the school and where do you think these people live? why, they all live in the county of Meath, 100 miles off (renewed laughter). All the names put down as in the school are either fictitious or the statements are wholly false. Patrick Quin himself has given a certificate that he never taught a lesson in Irish during the last four years, and that he fabricated the returns for the purpose of getting the salary; and that he did so with the knowledge of the inspectors. *Ex uno disce omnes.* His statement is as follows:—"I do hereby acknowledge, that I never taught a lesson in Irish to any person on the above list, and that the names upon it are altogether fictitious, and fabricated for the purpose of enabling me to get the salary, and with the knowledge of the inspectors." From this specimen you may learn how all the others stand; to support such schools, the people of Scotland contribute above 1,000*l.* a year. The first step in carrying on this infamous scheme was to find persons abandoned enough and base enough to take the wages of iniquity, and to put themselves forward as teachers, and the inspectors were often driven to an extremity to get a hold of them. To get quit of this difficulty, they were in the habit of returning their teachers in fictitious names. It is a rule of the Home Mission, that three persons in the same family could not get salaries; and in my parish, there was an instance where there being three teachers in the same family, one of them, a female, was returned by a fictitious name (shame). The name given was Mary McCurdy, while the father and brother received their salaries under the name of McKeswick. In conclusion, the reverend gentleman stated the motives by which the deputation were actuated in agitating this question, and, after an eloquent appeal to the Protestant laymen and clergymen against giving encouragement to those who came over to this country and traduced and vilified the Catholic clergy and people of Ireland, resumed his seat amidst great cheering.

The Rev. Luke Walsh, parish priest of Culfeightrin, was next introduced by the chairman, and was received with loud cheering. He said—In Ireland, where the working of the Home Mission is well known and appreciated, it was not necessary to have recourse to the mode which we have been obliged to adopt in bringing its working before the people of Scotland. We felt it to be our duty to come over to you, knowing that the great proportion of these statements were unknown to you, and to give them to you *viva voce*, that is to say, personally; and, in order to give you a clear view of the case, it will be necessary for me to go back a little to show that this was not the first society of the kind for similar purposes. In 1819 there was a society set agoing under the established church of Ireland, on the professed ground of converting the Catholics. It was established by the most bigoted of the nobility and clergy of Ireland; and there was no kind of engine they could set to work which was not employed. Calumny of the Catholic religion, ridicule of its principles, vituperation of the priests, and misrepresenting the character of the people, were all employed, and the next step was the establishment of Irish schools, the same as those adopted by the Presbyterian Synod of Ulster. In 1835, the Presbyterian church set up the same machinery, and proceeded to copy the first society in every possible way. The reverend gentleman then proceeded to read a number of documents, dated in '42 and '43, stating how the society had been set to work, the deception that had been practised on the public, inasmuch as no such schools as those in question had any existence whatever. Amongst the documents read was the following public declaration made by eight of the pretended teachers:—

"We, the undersigned, Irish teachers of the parish of Cul-

feightrin, near Ballycastle, in the county of Antrim, being fully convinced and impressed with a just sense of the criminality of our conduct before God, and heartily sorry for the scandal we have given to the church; do feel it our duty to come forward, and voluntarily declare that we have received money from the agents of the Synod of Ulster for teaching the Irish tongue; although for the last twelve months we had no schools in existence, nor do we know of any in the parish; and we farther declare, that it was our poverty, and the manner in which it was pressed upon us, caused us to receive it, as we were told that all the agents wanted was our names. We, moreover, express our willingness to give any satisfaction, and make any reparation which the bishop of our church may think proper to describe.

"Carey Chapel, August 9, 1843.

"PATRICK SHEALS, Glenshesk.

"HUGH SHEALS, Ballyucan.

"FRANCIS M'KENDRY, Ballypatric.

"ROBERT M'MICHAEL, Ballyveradagh.

"ROSE DUNCAN, Escart.

"MARY M'DONNELL, Ballyucan.

"Signed in presence of

Luke Walsh, P.P. Patrick Starkey, C.C.?"

The next Sunday three more nominal teachers came forward, and made a similar declaration. I thought it my duty to publish the names of those parties, and their declarations, that the directors might have their eyes opened; but this has not turned out the case, and to this day they brazen it out that they have schools in my parish, where I am going out and in every day, and cannot find them, yet they make it be believed that there are schools under my very nose (laughter). Those persons, whose names I have already read to you, came forward voluntarily and declared that they had been taking money for some time, by means of false returns and lying misrepresentations. Now, in my duty as a clergyman, I could not receive them unless they either repaid the money, or promised to repay it, or showed a disposition to restore, if ever they were able. Well, they made this promise in the congregation, in the most solemn and public manner. But look to the lamentable effects of receiving money in this kind of way. Some two or three of those very individuals who came forward and made this declaration, those very persons were entrapped and seduced by the inspector to go before a magistrate, and made to swear that they never had promised to return a penny of the money (hear, hear). To show still farther the means resorted to by those missionary agents to make out their case, I may mention the fact, that one of those persons, a little girl, was got to say in her declaration, that she had never returned the money; and the agents afterwards inserted in it a clause to the effect, that she never promised to give it back (shame, shame). You see, then, here to what straits those people are driven in order to sustain this mission. Satisfied that they had no schools in existence in my own parish, or in the neighbouring locality, I wrote to Dr. Denvir, and made him write to the Bishop of Killala, to ascertain if there were any schools in his diocese or neighbourhood. I did this, because I found it stated in one of the Home Mission reports that "the number of schools in the Mayo branch has received a large increase during the past year. In the Killala district schools were established by the inspector, containing 1,642 spellers, readers, and translators. The schools now extend over a large portion of this great and populous county, and, if blessed from above, cannot fail to be productive of incalculable good." (laughter). And again, in the report of the Home Mission for that year (July, 1842, page 13), it was asserted that "in Connaght, the schools at present

in operation are 56, and the returns contain a list of 1,800 scholars, who are engaged in learning to read the Irish Scriptures. The following is an extract of the letter which I received by way of reply; it is addressed, in the first instance, to the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, and is as follows:—

"Riverslade, 21st September, 1842.

"MY DEAR LORD—Previously to my last letter to your lordship, but particularly since that time, I have been making diligent inquiry of the clergy of this diocese relative to the schools in connexion with the emissaries of the Synod of Ulster, alleged by them to be established in such abundance in this district. The result of my inquiry is, that these airy phantoms of schools, if they have any existence, like the Protestant church before the time of Luther, are invisible. The clergy here are seeking for them, most anxious to grapple with them, if they could only discover them, but elude their grasp.

"THOMAS FEENEY."

After having given forth these facts, we thought that the supporters of the system would give it up, and that, at all events, they would not pretend to the existence of such schools. Well, we looked with anxiety for their next report. I went to Belfast and sat in their Synod meeting, and what was my astonishment to find those very persons whom we had convicted of making those false returns, come out with a second report, re-asserting that the schools were still in existence. Seeing this, I thought I would give them a list of the persons who were taking money in my parish without any school. I accordingly gave the names of nine individuals, one of them a boy twelve years of age, who could not read a word, yet was paid for teaching the Irish language. I called the attention of the directors to the fact, that these parties must have been plundering them; but they paid no attention to our letters. Their tactics being to let the priests write on, and never answer them, in the hope that all opposition would soon cease, and that they might get the money as usual. Well it happened in this case, as it generally does in others of a similar kind, that the workers of iniquity do not go unpunished even in this life. One of their own inspectors—their principal inspector—in short, a man educated a Roman Catholic, but who had for fifteen years been in the service of the Hibernian Society, and three years in the Home Mission, named Francis Brannan, stung with remorse, came to me and made a declaration of his misfortune to the following effect:—

"I, therefore, declare that the following class-rolls and fictitious schools were fabricated and manufactured by the nominal masters whose names they bear, with my approbation and connivance, for the purpose of obtaining money; and that the superintendent himself knew (as in the case of Hugh Sheals) that there were no such schools, but said it was necessary to admit them, till the persecution, as he called it, would blow by, in order to keep up the credit of the mission." This individual, in order to put me in the way of completely prostrating the whole system, handed me a list of fictitious schools, which I will exhibit to the meeting. Here is a panorama for you. [The rev. gentleman here unfolded a long fictitious list of twenty-nine schools and six hundred scholars, which created no small amusement in the meeting]. After analysing a number of the names, showing that there were aged people of eighty among the supposed scholars, and even deaf and dumb boys, the reverend gentleman read a great number of letters handed him by Brannan, being part of a correspondence between him and Mr. Allen, which showed, he said, that both parties were aware of the deception they were practising. He

then answered the calumnies brought against the Catholic clergy, such as that they were opposed to the circulation of the Scriptures and to education. These he met by a variety of arguments, contending that education was encouraged by the Catholic church; and remarking, that if the Irish were ignorant, this was little to be wondered at, when they considered the penal laws which were enforced against Catholic teachers, and against Catholic education in general. The rev. gentleman then read, from a memoir on Ireland, by Mr. O'Connell, several of the strongest clauses of the penal laws against the Catholics, particularly those in reference to schools or Catholic teaching; and after a number of pointed and forcible remarks, concluded a very powerful statement amid loud cheering. The mention of the name of Mr. O'Connell, we may remark had quite an electric effect upon the meeting. The moment it was mentioned a burst of cheering rang through the hall, and was repeated for several minutes.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon then made a few remarks upon the orderly conduct of the meeting, and, in the name of the two rev. gentlemen returned thanks, after which the assembly quietly separated.

AUTUMN.

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now;
Already have the elements unfurl'd
Their banners; the great sea-wave is upcurl'd;
The cloud comes; the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and, blindly, on their errands go;
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurl'd
From there dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Strip'd of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

JOHN FISHER, the pious and learned Bishop of Rochester, who was so cruelly put to death on the 22d June 1534, at the age of 77, used frequently to reside in his Manor House of Halling. Some thieves entered this mansion on a certain night, and carried away the greater part of the Bishop's plate. The next morning the loss was discovered by the servants, who dispersed themselves all over the country, to get tidings of the robbers. In this object they failed; but some pieces of plate which the villains had dropt in their flight, were brought back to the palace, before the good Bishop had been apprised of the robbery. When the Bishop came to dinner, he observed an unusual gloom and sadness on the countenances of his attendants, and at last demanded the reason; but no one answered: on which he commanded to speak, assuring them that he was armed for all events. They then related to him the whole affair, and how they had recovered some of the plate. The worthy prelate then returned the following answer: "My good friends, if this be all, we have more reason to rejoice, that God has restored us a part, than to lament, that the thieves have carried off the rest; for the least favour of God is to be esteemed more than all the evil, which the devil or his agents can do against us. Let us then sit down and be cheerful. Thank God that it is no worse, and take more care in future."

COMFORT AT THE HOUR OF DEATH FROM HAVING INSTRUCTED THE POOR.

WHEN John Gerson, the chancellor of the church and university of Paris, was on his death-bed, his soul appeared to be agnized at the thoughts of his impending dissolution, and the judgments of God. Astonished and affrighted by his terrors, his friends strove to comfort him. They brought to his recollection the great and virtuous actions of his public life—the services which he had rendered to the church of which, during many years, he had been one of the brightest ornaments—the learned and pious works he had written—his long protracted old age, spent in prayer and penance. But all was vain:—His terrors continued, and he appeared to sink under them. At length, —one of his friends quitted the room. In about half an hour, he returned, followed by three hundred children, who were supported and educated by the charity of the dying man. The little creatures spread themselves from the threshold of his house to his bed-chamber, and there falling on their knees, raised their hands to Heaven and cried, "O God! bless poor John Gerson!—O Lord! be merciful to poor John Gerson!!!"

Hope, peace, and confidence returned to John Gerson. "Now, O God!" he exclaimed, in a transport of holy jubilation, "Thou dost let thy servant depart in peace! The soul that is accompanied to eternity by the prayers of three hundred children, may advance with humble confidence into the presence of their Father and their God!"—*Charles Butler.*

DURYARD.

"WE are now come to Cowley Bridge, and in order to bring you merry into Exeter, I will tell you a pleasant tale of Dyrwood or Duryard.

"One Dyrwood, lord of the demesnes, a manor (I think) of Dyrwood, some half mile from the Northgate of Exeter, a man given altogether to gluttony and riot, and, as the sequel shows, of no great discretion, and less careful of his estate, passed away all his possessions except Dyrwood only, which he also offered for sale, and to have nothing for it but only his diet for one whole year. He required, however, the choicest cheer—of roasted geese, which he called goosevells, nothing but the skin was to be served up. The agreement was made, and at the year's end he was to make *Dedi et Concessi*, which he refused to do at the time by proposing a question (by some wiser man's advice) whether they would swear he had eaten the skin of geese only and none of ganders; and because they would not swear that directly, he was cleared (as the tale saith) of the bargain. But not long after he covenanted with the magistrates of Exeter to pass it unto them, for as much money as he could bear, or for as many pieces of silver groats as would lie one by one between Dyrwood well and the great conduit in the middle of Exeter. He made choice of his burthen of silver, which was accordingly paid him. Within a few years after, he comes that way, having spent his all, and being in great want and penury, refreshed himself with a draught of water of the well; and then with many sighs and sobs he woefully cried out—'O, Dyrwood! O, Dyrwood! Had I known thy water to be so sweet, I would never have sold thee!' I cannot aver this for a truth, neither perchance will you take it so, reader; but it is a tale of great age and often reported, and not unfit to give a caveat to young men, that they draw not hastily manors and farms through their throats, least such morsels choke them, or lay them too heavily on their backs and so break them."—*Westcot's MS. 1630.*

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

WRITTEN AFTER MEETING A SISTER OF CHARITY IN THE HOTEL DIEU.

From "Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems,"

BY ALARIO A. WATTS.

THE beautiful order of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, had its origin in the year 1629, and was founded by that truly Catholic priest, Vincent St. Paul, to whom France is indebted for so many of its noblest charities.

For nearly two centuries this admirable Institution continued to dispense its household blessings undisturbed; but in the year 1793, even these benefactors of mankind were called upon to furnish their portion of victims to the insatiable guillotine. The society in Paris was destroyed, its houses seized upon and confiscated, and such of the sisterhood as escaped death were compelled to seek refuge in the provinces, where, to the honour of the inhabitants be it spoken, their safety was universally respected. The order once more flourishes in France, and is the source of unnumbered blessings to the poor, the orphan, the widow, the imprisoned, the dying; in a word, to the destitute and afflicted, wherever these good sisters are found.

The vows of the Sisters of Charity are four—Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, and Service to the Poor. They can possess no property, nor enjoy any inheritance: they are supported and lodged, but their services are strictly gratuitous. They pass through a novitiate of a few months, and the period of their vows is limited to a year, though their services usually extend to a much longer period, and not unfrequently to that of a whole life.

Such is a brief outline of the duties of these Daughters of Pity: and, humble as such offices of love may be deemed by some, they will appear mighty to those who are accustomed to estimate charity rather by its use than its splendour.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

ART thou some spirit from that blissful land
Where fever never burns, nor hearts are riven?—
That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?
Art thou some seraph-minister of grace,
Whose glorious mission in the skies had birth?
An Angel, sure, in bearing, form, and face;
All but thy tears—and they belong to earth!
Oh! ne'er did Beauty in her loftiest pride
A splendour boast that may compare with thine;
Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside,
Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine!
A woman, filled with all a woman's fears,
Yet strong to wrestle with despair and woe;
A thing of softest smiles, and tenderest tears,
That once would tremble did a breeze but blow.
Leaving, perchance, some gay and happy home,
Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath,
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
And pierce the haunts of Pestilence and Death.
For ever flitting, with a noiseless tread,
As loath to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest;
To smoothe the pillow, raise the drooping head,
And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast.
Or, 'mid each calmer interval of pain,
The Christian's hope, and promis'd boon to show;
And, when all human anodynes are vain,
To nerve the bosom for the final throe.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing scenes like this,

To that bless'd shore where sin and sorrow cease;

To imp the flagging soul for realms of bliss;

And bid the world-worn wanderer part in peace!

A creature vow'd to serve both God and man,

No narrow aims thy cherish'd cares control,

Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can,

To heal the body and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need;

No matter what the suppliant's claim may be;—

Thou dost not ask his country or his creed;

To know he suffers, is enough for thee!

Not e'en from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold,

Whose Master bled a sinful world to save;

Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold,

'Tis thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave;

To note the anguish of despairing crime,

Lash the wild scorpions of the soul within;—

Those writhings fierce, those agonies sublime,

That seem from conscience half their force to win:

Then glide before that dark demoniac's sight,

The cup of healing in thy gentle hand—

A woman, strengthened with an angel's might—

The storm of pain and passion to command!

To calm the throbbings of his fever'd brow;

Cool his parch'd lips, his bursting wounds to bind;—

Then, with deep faith before the Cross to bow,

For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it is given: thy softliest whisper'd word

Now falls like oil on that tempestuous sea;—

Hard as his heart may seem, there's still a chord

Once touch'd, his ravings are as reeds to thee!

I see thee stand and mark that wondrous change;

With more than mortal triumph in thine eye;

Then bless'd and blessing, turn with tears to range

Where other claimants, on thy kindness lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,

A willing slave, where'er the wretched call;

I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,

Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all.

Performing humblest offices of love

For such as know no human love beside—

Still on thy healing way in mercy move,

Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide!

Not thine the hollow zeal that loves to climb

Where spurious faith her ensign rears on high;

That seeks the heathen of some far-off clime,

But leaves the wretched of its own to die.

Mercy—"twice blessed," in him who gives and takes—

Is thine, with all its attributes refin'd;

Thy nobler love no nice distinction makes,

But heals the flesh, and then informs the mind!

All peace to thee, and thy devoted band,

Vow'd to earth's gloomy "family of pain;"

Whose worth could e'en the unwilling awe command,

Of blood-stain'd men who own'd no other chain;—

Long may ye live, the cherish'd badge to wear,

Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen;

To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,

And be the angels ye have ever been!

NEGATIVE CHARACTER OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THE negative character may have been best adapted to the early period of the Reformation, as giving time for rest and for the growth of certain elements, without which nothing could be done; but when they were grown, to persist in the old course, —to maintain the forms which had been useful for protection, when no protection was needed—in this lay, and has ever lain, the great mistake. As it was in the early period of Elizabeth's reign, such substantially is the English church now. In the constitution of the state great alterations have been made: the power which our sovereign now wields would have been scorned by the last of the Tudors; she was an absolute monarch, and England was under a despotism. Since then there has been a large admixture of the democratical element, and each year sees it increase. But the church of England, which was then monarchical in its constitution, and thus in harmony with all around it, is not less monarchical now when that principle has been banished from all other institutions. It has remained unchanged, and it is, therefore, now powerless to cope with the demands made upon it. Excluded from all participation in the government and organization of the church, the laity have learnt to consider themselves as no part of it; and the clergy cannot of themselves form a church, though they can effectually destroy one. If we are right in thinking that the present weakness of the English church lies in its alienation from the spirit which animates all our other institutions, from its constantly neglecting to shape itself to the wants of successive generations, and from its repudiation of the democratical element, it would not be very difficult to sketch out the remedy, however complicated the details might be; in fact, it has been sketched out in the proposed plan of church reform published some years ago by Dr. Arnold.—*British and Foreign Review*.

TRANSMISSION OF SOUND.

CANNON discharged at Florence are heard at Leghorn, a distance of 50 miles; at Leghorn, are heard at Porto Ferrajo, the same distance. The cannonade at the siege of Genoa, by the French, was audible at Leghorn, a distance of 90 miles. It may be added, that the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, is said to be audible at Windsor, a distance of about 24 miles. The conditions of the atmosphere, which affect the transmission of sound, are imperfectly understood, and it is, therefore, the more necessary to accumulate well-ascertained facts, to form a sound basis for general reasoning. It is generally believed that sounds are heard more distinctly, and at greater distances, in winter, especially in frost, than in summer. This popular impression has been corroborated by the narratives of those who have made voyages to the polar regions. Parry states that he frequently heard distinctly, at the distance of a mile, men conversing in their ordinary tone of voice. On the 11th of February, 1820, he heard a man singing to himself (and therefore, probably, in rather a low tone) at more than a mile distant. Derham observes, that new-fallen snow impedes the transmission of sound; and that fogs also deaden its force. This latter effect, however, is not invariable. In a November fog, in 1812, Mr. Howard heard distinctly, at five miles from London, the noise of the carriages rolling over the streets. Humboldt has proved that sounds are audible at greater distances by night than by day; and from the circumstances under which his observations were made, it would appear that the silence of the night could not be assumed as an explanation of this.—*Manual of Electricity, Magnetism, &c.* Vol. 2.

MODE OF TEACHING GEOGRAPHY IN PRUSSIA.

GEOGRAPHY was taught principally by delineations on the black-board—and here the skill in drawing of teacher and pupil was employed with admirable service. One of these lessons is described. The teacher, after looking his class into eager readiness, made on the board a series of those lines and shadings employed by map-engravers to represent a chain of mountains. Scarcely had the outlines become visible when the scholars began to cry out, Carpathian Mountains, Hungary; Black Forest Mountains, Wurtenburg, &c. But the remainder of this animated scene we must transcribe:—"In less than half a minute the ridge of that grand central elevation which separates the waters that flow North-west into the German ocean, from those that flow North into the Baltic, and South-east into the Black Sea, was presented to view—executed almost as beautifully as an engraving. A dozen strokes, made in the twinkling of an eye, represented the head-waters of the great rivers which flow in different directions from that mountainous range; while the children, almost as eager and excited as though they had actually seen the torrents dashing down the mountain sides, cried out, Danube; Elbe, Vistula, Oder, &c. The next moment I heard a succession of smaller strokes or taps, so rapid as to be almost indistinguishable, and hardly had my eye time to discern a large number of dots made along the margins of the rivers, when the shout of Lintz, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, &c. struck my ear."—*Christian Teacher*.

PROBABLE DURATION OF THE SUPPLY OF COAL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ALTHOUGH the present known coal fields of Great Britain contain, perhaps, sufficient coal to supply her wants for 2000 to 3000 years to come, it is a very erroneous basis of calculation to assume that the whole is at our disposal. Under the present system, in the finest description of coal of the northern field, there is even, in its extraction, a loss of 36 per cent. The views of theoretical geologists, without allowing for waste, would lead to the most incorrect practical conclusions; while Conybeare, Lardner, and others, would make our coal resources sufficient for 1,500 or 2,000 years, Professor Sedgwick and Dr. Buckland, allowing for loss in working, calculated from practical experience, are convinced that 400 years will leave little more than the name of our best seams. Of forty-five feet of coal in a section of all the coal strata, in one of the best pits of the Tyne, not thirty feet are workable. In the north, coal cannot be extracted at a profit, if less than 2ft. 8in. In the western part of Wall's End, the Bensham seam is considered unworkable at 2ft. 10in. though there are times when it is worked at twenty inches. The thinnest seam worked in Yorkshire is thirteen inches, in North Lancashire twenty inches, in the Northumberland and Durham districts, 2ft. 6in. St. Lawrence 2ft. 9in. Most of the thin seams above are worked for local consumption, and cannot bear the expense of transit and competition for manufacturing and commercial purposes. Already the Tyne portion of the northern coal-field begins to feel the difficulties of exhaustion in the finer description of coal; and that of the Wear and Tees (less worked than it) has the advantage, in commercial competition, of from nine to ten per cent in price.—*Mining Journal*.

Exercise your memory and your imagination; without them one has no longer any past or future: it is mere animal life.

AVE MARIA.

AVE MARIA—'tis in thee we find
 All that a Mother and a Maid should be,
 In thee alone are gloriously combin'd
 All woman's grace with angel's purity.
 Daughter of God, the Mother of the Son,
 The spotless Bride of the Almighty Dove,
 What was thy charm that so securely won
 The highest pledge of thy Creator's love?
 O Mary, 'twas thy heart so meekly pure,
 That look which shrank from even angel's gaze,
 That modesty too humble to endure,
 From heavenly lips, the mention of thy praise.
 But in thy downcast eyes, thy face so fair,
 Shone all the light of the Divinity,
 Needless thy fear; then, angels would not dare
 Their looks, though pure and holy, fix on thee.

S. R. M. F.

ROMANTIC STORY.

ON Thursday week, a pretty, interesting-looking Irish girl with a child in her arms, made application to the overseers of Whitehaven for her passage to Belfast. The young woman had obtained admission into the workhouse, with her husband's mother, who appeared with her before the overseers. On being questioned respecting her motive for coming to England, and leaving her husband in Ireland, she replied that her husband was to have followed her, but that he was committed to Dungannon gaol on a charge of having murdered her, and until she made her appearance in Ireland to disprove the charge, he would of course be detained in custody. The overseers seemed incredulous, but the mother-in-law vouched for the truth of the statement, and tendered to their "honours" a voluntary account of the whole affair. The old woman's story, which may be looked upon as a romance in real life, was to the following effect:—She said her husband and his five sons were fishermen, and had a boat of their own on the loch: her son and his wife had agreed to come to England to the harvest; and as they had not money to bring them both together, it was arranged that the wife should come first, and her husband set her across the loch in the boat in the night. Her son, she said, was seen to convey his wife on the loch, and to return without her, and it presently became reported in the neighbourhood that he had either drowned or murdered her. A family difference arose between the parents of the young man and those of his wife, who charged the husband with having destroyed their daughter, on which charge he was apprehended and committed to prison. The young man's mother came to England in search of his wife, in order that she might produce her, and thus not only obtain her son's release from prison, but ultimately save him from an ignominious death. The poor woman had sought her daughter-in-law over the length and breadth of the land, and, being unable to meet with her, was returning to Whitehaven, for the purpose of going home without the object of her search. As the old woman was coming through Maryport, she fortunately met with her daughter-in-law in a lodging-house in that town. The meeting, as may be supposed, was a joyous one, and the poor old mother most feelingly expressed to the overseers the joy she felt on meeting her son's wife, and the pleasure she anticipated on her return home, that she would be enabled to save the boy's life. On being told that her and her daughter's passage should be paid, she showered down her blessings so plentifully upon the overseers, that they might for once be envied their office with all its cares.—*Cumberland Pacquet.*

REMEDY FOR APATHY IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SURELY the prophets of old time would have called heaven and earth to witness against the irreverence and coldness of mankind, had they seen men assemble as our countrymen do in God's house, without even bowing the knee in worship—without witnessing, either by word or deed, by answer or gesture, that they take any part in addresses to which the very stones might be expected to respond. And yet, for all this, I am far from supposing that there is no piety and devotion in the hearts of those, who in the habit of worship are so lamentably defective. But since there are no new facts and no fresh profession by which to alter their ways, it is impossible to enlist them in the startling and unwonted usage of a new service. Preaching and instruction in old truths will never move men to enter upon the novel practice of united worship. Rather must our beginning be on the other side, and by a new mode of worship must we lead them to the comprehension of truths, which they have heard without comprehending. They must join together in the inspiring worship of the Church, they must take part each for themselves in her office, they must listen to those commands which all their lives they have neglected, before they can enter into the truth of Christ's presence with his people, or discern the divine significance of what they have been wont to hear, "the noly Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee."

Here, then, lies our difficulty. We must infuse a belief in the existence of Christ's Church, not so much by the force of argument, as by the habit of devotion. We must teach men through their prayers. Instead of founding habit on belief, we must build up belief through habit. And, no doubt, some part of this work may be effected through personal persuasion. The man who unites firm faith with earnest devotion, who is himself a living pattern of the principles which he desires to cherish, will diffuse the contagion of a godly example among those who are within the sphere of his influence.—*Charge of Archdeacon Wilberforce.*

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

VISIT our hospitals and infirmaries, inferior in every other respect to none on the continent, and how immeasurably, in the character and efficiency of the female attendants, do we fall beneath them! Where is the gentle, unwearied solicitude, the watchful anxiety to afford every comfort to the suffering body, and to speak peace and consolation to the timid soul, by which the "Sisters of Charity" in France are so distinguished, and which we look for in vain among the hired nurses of our public institutions? To the cottages of the poor those gentle sisters carry relief and encouragement; at the bedside of the sick and dying, they watch with a sister's care; in the prisoner's dungeon we find them exhorting, warning, praying; to the lowest haunts of infamy their pure and fearless steps are turned with a charity which never faileth, which never ceaseth to hope for good. In some of these cases, the regular services of the clergyman are almost impossible, in others they cannot be so consoling to the sufferers, and in none, without interfering with his more necessary duties, can they be so constantly rendered as those of the "Sisters of Charity."—*English Churchman.*

Mr. Grant, of Exeter, in a pamphlet on the evils of overgrown hedge-rows, gives a list of ten parishes in Devonshire, containing in the whole 36,976 acres of land, in which there are 1,651 miles of hedges, covering 2,642 acres of ground, or seven per cent of the whole surface; and he shows that upwards of 2,000 acres might be saved, and yet the land be sufficiently fenced for all useful purposes.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

For some time past letters have appeared in the *Times* newspaper calling attention to the frequent omissions of daily service in St. Paul's Cathedral. Sometimes the building is closed to prepare for a musical festival, sometimes for repairs, and during the last four or five weeks it has been shut up to undergo a *dusting*! As only a small portion of the Cathedral is employed for divine service, it is quite clear that if that portion stand in need of repairs or of cleaning, some other might be readily used, for a time, for religious purposes, as other parts are used in all Cathedrals abroad, and we believe in some in England; but these periodical mendings and dustings enable the officials of St. Paul's to amuse themselves, to go to the continent and into the country; and, hence, in spite of every remonstrance, the frequent entire discontinuance of the Service in the metropolitan Church. The following letter on this subject will be read with pleasure by our readers:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Allow me to offer you my best thanks for the vigorous and manly course pursued by you in the recent distressing negative proceedings at St. Paul's Cathedral—a course harmonizing with the vindication of the rights of the poor, and the fearless exposure of oppression wherever it may exist. The endeavour to rescue our unhappy church from her present state of imperfection and practical corruption, and to render her at once a more worthy dispenser of God's sacraments, and a more consistent teacher of God's word, is indeed a mighty and glorious duty; and to me, but recently arrived from Christian and happy Belgium, the whole matter connected with our ecclesiastical appointments is fraught with the most lively and intense interest. What, then, may be there seen? A church, poor in temporal, rich in spiritual wealth, developing herself in every shape and form of beauty and holiness; cathedrals fitted up as palaces for His presence with all that can excite reverence or arouse attention, open at 5 o'clock in the morning for the daily sacrifice; worshippers thronging thereto, and sanctifying their labours and toils by a previous surrender of heart to Him who feeds and tends them; at the various altars humble souls poured forth in mental prayer to their God, as present on His altar, or as represented in His saints—old and young, rich and poor, close to one another, and recognising in God's house, not the rich carpeted pew, or the lazy cushion—wretched marks of earthly pride and human distinction!—but the hallowed floor and the humble chair, symbols of Christian equality and Christian love; the melting notes of holy music and holy incense, wafting to God's throne the prayers and offerings of God's people—these noble edifices, not opened (and I speak as regards our own ecclesiastical arrangements at the best) for an hour morning and evening, but free to worshippers until mid-day, and then at 3 or 4 o'clock again unclosed, the benediction of the blessed sacrament terminating the day of public prayer, and attuning the mind to private devotion and the offices of charity. These are indeed goodly sights, but deeply humiliating when contrasted with our sinful state and degraded position as a so-called Christian country. And then, again, the simple and humble priesthood in their distinguishing garb, saluted by the people with affectionate respect;

children endeavouring to catch the eye of their pastor and friend; the aged looking with reverence to one, who is to them the minister of good and lovely things; hospitals for the sick, nurture and education for the young, refuge for the old, not in union workhouses, but in comfort and cheerfulness, while holy women devote their time and labour to tending, and comforting, and teaching; the noble chapel, testifying everywhere that He is ever present:—I could, indeed, trespass long on your columns, did I detail all that I saw, and heard, and felt; but I will draw this letter to a conclusion. Surely, Sir, at such a period, when hearts are yearning in all directions for fuller grace and higher privileges, surely it is an act of almost suicidal folly—to use no stronger epithet—to diminish aught of the stinted food which deans and chapters dole out with niggard hand. That some mighty movement is going on here and elsewhere it is idle to doubt. Let our spiritual leaders look to it, and let us each individually endeavour to bear our humble part therein; trusting that our unhappy individual shortcomings and miserable personal deficiencies may not be the means of thwarting His gracious purposes, who has been pleased to place us here at a period so replete with coming weal or woe to our native land,

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, Sept. 20. A LAYMAN.

In connexion with this subject, another letter soon after appeared in the *Times*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—I reside in Antwerp. During the last eighteen months, the Cathedral of St. Paul's in this city has been undergoing repairs, &c. A screen of wood or canvass placed before scaffolding effectually shuts it from the view of the congregation, and the usual services, four a-day, exclusive of marriages, and for the repose of the souls of the dead, &c. have been regularly performed. It is open at five o'clock in the morning, and until one, P. M. and from half-past 3 o'clock to 6 or 8, P. M.

S.

The picturesque, with its moral associations, often appears amidst squalid scenes and humble localities. Did you ever, at the upper windows of some poor dwelling in a narrow lane, observe a broken tea-pot with its sprig of planted peppermint or southernwood, sustained by a rude rail ambitiously painted green? Depend upon it, there dwells some poor soul transplanted by hard necessity into the cheerless privation of that home, from some fresh cottage where the spring bubbled up in crystal beauty in the well, the grass sown with daisies and buttercups approached even to the doorway, and the free breeze of heaven blew all around him. And well will it be, if the denizen of the city lose not the regret for that country home; well will it be, if, even at the expense of sentimental sorrow, the intervals of toil are filled up by remembrances of country habits and youthful happiness; well will it be, if the self-destroying gin-palace do not obliterate the remembrance of the tranquil cottage, and if the sight of poor drooping, smoky, city sparrows draw a tear at the remembrance of the sweet songsters that peopled the hedges of the fields where his childhood roamed at large. Such remembrances keep alive in the heart the healthier associations which protect it from deterioration.

AN EXHORTATION TO UNION BETWEEN THE CLERGY SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS IN ENGLAND.

In a Letter from Cardinal Allen to the Rev. Mr. Mush,

WELL-BELOVED, FATHER AND FRIEND,

Because I could not satisfy myself enough, nor make you know so fully as I desired in presence, how much contentment I took of your late company and conversation, and especially of the often and large relation you made me of the state of the catholic cause, and in particular of every of my loving fathers, and brethren, and children's pains, perils, zeal, constancy, and most generous proceedings in defence of faith, and promoting our country's salvation, I could not omit farther to assure you of my said contentment by these few lines of mine own hand, which may serve for a more stable memory betwixt us, of all such communications and conferences as hath passed at your late being here. Christ's blessing be ever on my sweet fellows and children, to make them partakers of these two special points, which I so often, so wofully, and carefully commended to your remembrance at your being with me; which was to beware, above all things, of partialities, differences, dissensions, discord, emulation, and discontentment of one towards another; of old against young, secular against religious, priests against Jesuits: all which come *ex malo et ex inimico homine* from the wicked enemy, who soweth among their manifold graces and virtues these seeds of his darnel, to make their happy labours void of merit and profit. Such things be of the apostle numbered amongst *opera carnis*; as peace, concord, mutual love, and unanimity be the works of the Spirit, fruits of charity, and evident marks of God's grace. Peace is the blessing of Christ, that he left to his disciples, and which he recommendeth in every act of his life and religion; and without which, all our preaching, praying, yea our dying for our faith is worth nothing in the world. And specially that singular concord, love and unity of heart and mind which was among Christ's first disciples, which the apostle calleth *charitatem fraternitatis*, and is more especially to be required between God's priests chosen to so holy a work, and called on purpose to preach God's peace unto men's hearts, and to drive out the devil, who is the author of all division. Amongst men I say of that profession, that they and we are of, perfect charity, union and peace want, all is lost we do. Wherein I spend so many words with you at this time, for that I have heard say to my great grief, that there is not all good correspondence between the *fathers** and other priests, I cannot tell upon what discontentment, that grew here or elsewhere. But whereof soever that cometh, or by what human infirmity soever it is continued, it is of the enemy, and is, with all possible discretion and diligence, by the wiser sort on both sides, to be rooted out, or else it will be the ruin of the whole cause, and the destruction of both parties; *qui si*

invicem mordeant, invicem consumentur. Therefore, in this point especially, Mr. Mush, be earnest and peremptory with all parties, and every one in particular, and tell them, that I charge and adjure them, by the blessed blood and bowels of God's mercy, that they honour, love, and esteem one another according to every man's age, order, and profession; that those of the secular order, and especially all those that have been brought up under the *fathers*, and found so great love, charity, and help in all places at their hands, that they be correspondent in all gratitude and thankfulness, reverencing them in word and deed, as is requisite to their merit and calling. And the *fathers* on the other side, to love, cherish, favour, and embrace all the secular as their own bowels, life, and soul, and as their dearest fellow-soldiers, brethren, and children. My good friend, inculcate this in my name, yea rather in God's behalf, to both sides this point, lest they lose all, and bring my grey hairs the sooner to the grave. Another thing there is, which I pray both yourself and the fathers of the company, and all other my godly friends, priests or laymen, that they extend their hands and hearts of compassion towards the maintenance of the seminary of *Douay*, which is as dear to me as my own life, and which hath next to God been the beginning and ground of all the good and salvation which is wrought in England; which must needs be dissolved in very short time, except it be abundantly one way or other relieved; the decay whereof, as it would rejoice the enemy much, so certainly it would be the fall of all other colleges erected for our nation abroad in the world. You know the case, my friend, and how much it importeth your good, and honour of the catholic cause. All other things that we have talked of I recommend to your memory. Our blessed Lord bless you and be with you for ever. In haste, 16th March, 1594. W. C.

SONNET,

WRITTEN BEFORE A CRUCIFIX.

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccato mundi, miserere nobis.*"

O Lamb of God! who wast for sinners slain,
A sinner weeping, bends his suppliant knee,
Before thine image on that cruel tree,
Where thou dost hang, stretch'd in thy bitter pain!

He asks not, dearest Lord, thou shouldst explain
How thou couldst come, ungrateful man to free,
And die in torture and in agony!—
He begs—"thy death prove not for him in vain!"

Reject not, Lord, reject not heartfelt woe,
At thought of all his sad and grievous sins—
Slight not the tears, that now sincerely flow,
Accept a sorrow which too late begins.—
O Lamb of God! who wast for sinners slain,
Let not thy blood be shed for me in vain!

PECCATOR.

